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How the Receivers get at the Assets of "Busted" Insurance Companies.

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BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

For the Summer of 1882.

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"My friend, you are looking for a job! I appoint you receiver to the Quicksand Insurance Company. Here is the order of the court. Receive all you can, pay yourself, and turn the remainder of the assets over to the unfortunate policy-holders."—"Friend No. 2, you are a lawyer. I therefore appoint you referee and legal adviser in the Will-o'-the-Wisp Insurance Company. Make your usual fair charges. Here is the order of the court."—Condensed from the memoirs of a distinguished New York judge.

* * *

People had not heard very much of Mr. Keifer when, through the unselfish and friendly offices of Mr. Robeson, of the late Navy, he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. People now know a little more of Mr. Keifer, and the knowledge is not of such a nature as to encourage anybody to take special pains to improve the acquaintance. It may be as well to admit that Speaker Keifer is not a great man; but he has, nevertheless, very sound ideas on the greatness of the country which gave him birth, if we may judge by his remarkable speech delivered at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner on May 9th. It was an after-dinner speech; and, perhaps, this fact may account for the excess of patriotism it displayed.

* * *

The orator wisely remarked, in the first instance, that "the toast of the President of the United States is a proper one to be given on

all occasions." There is an amount of profound originality in this sentiment that simply staggers us and absolutely puts anything in the shape of argument on the point completely out of the question. Still there are times when it would be proper to give the toast of the Emperor of China, or of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, or of Salvini, or even Mr. Jay Gould. Mr. Keifer then went on to say that "the President of the United States is the Magistrate-in-Chief of the United States." We ought to be deeply grateful to Mr. Keifer for this information. We never knew before that the President was Chief Magistrate. We always thought that he was superintendent of street-cleaning, or a bishop of the Episcopal church, or manager of a circus, or a city dog-catcher, or a base-ball pitcher; but that he is Magistrate-in-Chief is indeed surprising.

* * *

We are a little disappointed to learn from Mr. Keifer that the President "is equivalent to twelve Senators and fifty Representatives." It strikes us as too low an estimate altogether. The President, we should think, would have no difficulty in being equal to all the present Congressmen, with two-thirds of the Senators thrown in. Nor is Mr. Keifer quite correct in styling the President as the "grandest and greatest officer in this country," and the office as "one that is temporary, so far as the individual is concerned." Our impression was that there were much greater offices; for instance, the floor-walkership at the establishment of the late A. T. Stewart & Co. and the boss-ship of Tammany Hall. Then we fail to see anything "temporary, so far as the individual is concerned."

* * *

The merest schoolboy knows that the President ascends the American throne for life by hereditary right, and there isn't much that is temporary about that. After having consoled us with such damning facts as these, Mr. Keifer gave expression to a few more familiar home truths: "The government is given ample power to protect itself from its foes, whether abroad or at home." How beautiful; how simple; how absolutely true! Think for an instant of the large and efficient navy that Mr. Robeson has given us, which makes the American flag honored in every part of the world when it floats proudly from the peak of the terrible war-ship. Think, too, of the victory which always crowns the efforts of United States troops at home, when the Indian Department permits them to battle with the redskins!

* * *

But there were more pearls of wisdom from Mr. Keifer's lips: "The government is shorn of all power to oppress individuals." Unjust taxes remain, then, simply because individuals like to be oppressed. "We have many monopolies, it is true; but these are evidences of our growth and grandeur." They are, Mr. Keifer; and also of the grandeur of Messrs. Field, Gould, Sage and Vanderbilt, and the growth of pauperism and misery. And then Mr. Keifer appropriately adds: "We have a country covered all over with charitable institutions for the poor and unfortunate"—not to say jails and reformatories.

* * *

It is very gratifying to learn that "everybody born in this country can contemplate the possibility of becoming the President of the United States." Strange though it be, we had the idea into our heads that only natives of Timbuctoo and the Balearic Isle were eligible; but now we know better, thanks to Mr. Keifer. Mr. Keifer does not think the early days of the republic were better than these, and is of opinion that "the country was never better and purer,

individually and officially, than now." We believe Demosthenes and Quintilian, who were authorities on rhetoric, permit certain styles of orations to be concluded with a joke, and Mr. Keifer certainly concluded his memorable speech with a joke of the hugest kind in saying that "the country was never better and purer, individually and officially, than now."

* * *

Herod and Tamerlane were tender-hearted philanthropists to us who guide the course of PUCK. There seems to be no doubt whatever about this. The letters which tell us so are mostly anonymous, and always queer as to spelling and grammar; but their general drift is unmistakable; and we are quite ready to believe, after reading a few dozen of them, that we are gory ogres at heart. And since we are such irredeemable monsters of cruelty, we might as well continue to free our minds on this Irish question, and ask for more light on a financial situation which appears to have on parallel in the world's history. We are told that, in consequence of the high rents demanded by heartless landlords, and a famine that occurred several years ago, Ireland is plunged into such a state of destitution that she can be relieved only by the bankruptcy of every man who holds an acre of her land and leases it out.

* * *

This is truly a sad state of affairs; and even from our ogre-eyes the tears of sympathy are about to flow when we recall the fact that the famine was over some time ago, and that money enough has poured into Ireland since then to raise any other nation to the height of prosperity. Money has come from the murtherin' Sassenach, money has come from the free-born American, and money has come and is coming from those emigrant Hibernians who, in this land of liberty, find it possible to work ten hours a day and pay rents such as Ireland never dreamed of. When we remember, moreover, that the stricken son of Erin in the proscribed districts has been economizing on his rent for several years; that the savings banks are overflowing with Irish deposits, and that the starving Celt finds himself able to offer heavy rewards for the apprehension of the Cavendish-Burke murderers, we naturally ask why the turbulent island over the sea should be enriched with American money, earned in America, by naturalized citizens who pretend to be Americans—and the tears dry up in those ogre-eyes of ours.

* * *

It is not, as a rule, proper for a journal to comment on the merits of a case while it is in process of trial; but the very queer case in New Haven so outrages all precedent that we hold ourselves absolved from the obligation of custom; and propose to express our astonishment at the consummate impudence of the officials who have dared to get up such a burlesque of law and justice, and to charge it to the county. Why, on this which is practically the third trial of the case, the small this-style-three-for-a-quarter Jeffreys of the Bar who was going to indict the three accused together, try them together and hang them together—this glory of his profession has not brought forward testimony strong enough to hang a cat on. It is a disgrace to decency that evidence which would scarcely justify a coroner's jury in holding a man should be made the ground of a trial. It makes no difference that the prisoners are a good-for-nothing lot, and that there may be a moral certainty of their guilt. On such evidence as has been brought forward in this case, the most innocent of men might be accused of committing some mysterious crime, and subjected to the disgrace and torture of a public trial—yes, three public trials.

PUCK'S POPULAR TRACTS.

V.

THE CARELESS COW-BOY AND THE FINGER OF FATE.

A TALE OF DELUSION AND DOOM.

There is a great difference, dear young friends, between a clergyman and a cow-boy. The qualities that are necessary for a man in the one career are not those calculated to make him shine in the other.

These remarks have a general value; but they are also capable of a special application, like a porous-plaster.

A cow-boy is healthiest out West. The glorious climate seems to agree with him, and his chances for longevity are greater there. In the East he is like a tender blossom transplanted to an uncongenial soil. He withers and droops away, and finally his gorgeous beauties of coloring die away like the rainbow hues of the dolphin, and fade into the gray and gloomy obscurity of the police-station.

If the cow-boy were a clergyman, it would be a good thing for him to come East. We are going to tell you a little story about a cow-boy who slipped up on his luck just because he had not had a clerical education. If he had had a clerical education, he would have been able to read Latin, and he would have been a happier and a better man to-day, and might have looked forward to a bright future, with sweet-faced children playing about his knees, and unlimited credit at the corner dispensary.

This bad cow-boy came up from Arizona some time ago, and announced his intention of shaking up the national metropolis. It is possible that he did not quite size up the contract.

He went first to Jersey City, and for a while he made it quite bright and amusing in the outskirts of the town. But after a few hours of cheerful social circulation among the co-operative liquor establishments in the vicinity, he dropped into a very nice place with red and green lights in the window, and asked the gentlemanly proprietor for some fusel oil.

Then while he was waiting for the merry draught, he began in a pleasant, jocular way to discharge his revolvers about the place.

What was the result?

Dear young reader, he was in a drug-store, and he was firing right into the bottles with the Latin names on them, and ere the hand of time had homesteaded two fleeting seconds on the dial, he had hit the glass jar with the asaftetida in it, and had spilled it all over himself, and was trying to get the taste out of his nose by drinking the genuine fusel oil which the druggist had kindly prepared for him.

And so he went forth into the cold, cold world, with a condensed place-of-departed-spirits in his intestines and an odor upon him that made him flee to the wilderness to get away from himself.

This shows what comes from carelessness and ignorance of Latin.

If you are a cow-boy, dear young reader, learn Latin.



A CONCEIT.

If love give life
And life bring death,
And death itself bring
life,
Why death is life
And life is death,
And love must be
All three.

—F. Roena Miller,
in *Independent*.

CRANKS.—BY THE PUCK STAFF.

If pork were beans
And beans were hash,
And hash itself were
beans,
Why hash is beans
And beans is hash,
And pork must be
All three.

—Acrobatic Editor
of PUCK.

If jokes give fun
And fun bring Spring,
And Spring itself bring
jokes,
Why Spring is fun
And fun is Spring,
And jokes must warm
The swarm.

—Jumbo Editor
of PUCK.

If May were June
And June were Feb.,
And Feb. itself were
June,
Why Feb. is June
And June is Feb.,
And Mary must take
The cake.

—Horse Editor
of PUCK.

Puckings.

A RARE COMBINATION—Poet and Pheasant.

ATLANTIC CITY is going to have an opera house. It had much better go to the extravagance of constructing a mausoleum.

OUR PIUS MOTHER-IN-LAW, the *Independent*, has a splendid article entitled: "The Art of Raising Melons," which is not from the pen of a negro.

NOTHING MAKES a woman crazier than to plant mignonette, and, when it comes up, to ascertain that the seedsman put cabbage-seed into the wrong envelope.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE "TUG" WILSON is on his way to this country to fight Mr. John L. Sullivan, of Boston. The Hon. Tug has not yet selected his hospital or surgeons.

A MYSTERIOUS LOOKING INDIVIDUAL was arrested the other day in Hoboken; but, after an examination, he proved that he was not implicated in the assault on the late W. Patterson.

MR. FELIX ADLER, of the Society for Ethical Culture, is building a schoolhouse on Fifty-fourth Street. The principal feature of the course of study will be that the pupils are to read a chapter of Darwin every day instead of the Bible.

THE EARLY Sunday excursion heads toward Rockaway. The premature excursionist makes his next trip *via* Grand Street Ferry to Greenwood. On this occasion he dispenses with the luxury of a return ticket.

THE BATHING SEASON will soon open; but we venture to predict that Mr. di Cesnola's regard for the health of his kaleidoscopic statues will oblige him to keep them out of that potash bath which Mr. Feuardent has prepared for them.

WE LIKE to drink in the contents of an evening newspaper, and then to have a vague recollection that we have read something very like it before. Nor is our happiness complete until, to re-assure ourselves, we glance at the sheet again and see the legend: "From our second edition of yesterday."

THE AMERICAN MINISTER, John Russell Young, is now on his way to China. How irresistibly funny it would be if the Chinese Congress were to pass a bill prohibiting American ministers from landing in the Flowery Land for the next ten years! We wonder if President Arthur would give him another appointment.

SOON, LIKE the golden chariots of the gods, will the corpulent yellow ice-wagon go rolling in a pretty fine frenzy down the street, and the gay and festive mercury, sitting on the box, will reach around with his whip and knock the small boy head over heels off the hind step, and thereby hangs a narrative.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Dear Mr. B—nn—:

You will not be surprised to hear that I am engaged to a German gentleman. I would much sooner have married you, as I love Americans; but you were so long in coming to the point that mama said I must not wait. My future husband is a Landgrave, and does not own a newspaper.

Your ardent admirer,

BEATRICE.

To the Editor of the *Herald*.

DIFFICULT PURCHASES.

So you want to know what is more difficult to purchase than a palace on Fifth Avenue, do you? All right; we will tell you.

It is this: a pair of suspenders.

When you happen to have a million dollars in your pocket, you naturally purchase a fine residence. It is the first thing you think of; and you map out in your mind how you will furnish it, and how many marines, and pea-green landscapes with tomato-omelette skies you will hang on your walls. You make up your mind just how much awe and reverence people will regard you with after looking at your works of art, because you will have many so unintelligible that you can't understand them yourself, and beholders will descant pleasantly on the refinement of your taste and aesthetic education.

But you might have a million dollars in your pocket and be walking along the street greatly in need of a pair of suspenders.

Would you go into a store and purchase a pair?

You would not.

Why would you not?

Why because you are never conscious of the true condition of your suspenders, except when you sling them over your shoulders in the morning, and then you do not send a boy out to get a new pair. You just sit down with a knife and cut fresh button-holes above the old ones, and tone them up behind with some stout cord or wire; and when you put them on they strike you as being all right, and you decide not to get a new pair until the old ones give out again. You argue to yourself that that will be economy, and a departure in the right direction, and then you go and buy a dollar's worth of cigars. If a man would cling to his wife with the same affectionate and tenacious spirit that he does to his suspenders, there would be no such thing as divorce. The only philosophic hypothesis to be given for a man's careful nursing of his suspenders to engender longevity and keep them with him as long as possible when he could have a new pair for seventy-five cents, is that he loves them, and not that he is too mean to invest his money in a new pair. And that is why it is more difficult to purchase a new pair of suspenders than a palace on Fifth Avenue. Does a man ever part with his house? Well we should wrinkle our facial contour! Why does a man ever part with his house?

Well, frequently he has to move on account of sickness in the family, and some-

times he can't get a strong enough grip on shekels to lift the mortgage and—

Does a man ever part with his suspenders? He does not.

No man ever saw a pair of suspenders in an ash-barrel. No man ever saw a pair of suspenders on an ash-heap. Like the fragrant souls of flowers, their after-life we wot not of. But we wot considerably of those that were worn by conscientious men. When too old for active service they are converted into razor-strops and hung by the mirror, where their ex-wearer sees them every morning.

When they can be no longer used for razor-strops, they are cut up for gate-hinges and bands to hold vines against garden fences. Sometimes they go through a different course, as their destinies vary. Occasionally they are made into a belt by the hired man, who receives them as a token of his employer's esteem—for a suspender in its time plays many star parts, its acts being favorably regarded by the human family, and its versatility distinct and great. The boy who drives a canal mule has been known to wear a single suspender for years without being totally disheartened. He looked fondly forward to the time when he would cast off the solitaire and have a pair, just as the boy with a silver watch yearns for the period that will see him in possession of a gold time-piece.

When the late Samuel J. Tilden was a young

man he one day started down Fifth Avenue for a promenade. He had on a new suit of loose fitting clothes, and a pair of suspenders old enough to sit in the United States Senate or manage the interests of a shekular candidate at a National Convention. But this didn't make young Samuel ill. So long as his clothes were fine, he argued that his suspenders would never be suspected. He said with a crafty smile:

"Never judge a book by the cover; for the trashiest novel is often gained through doors of the most luxurious Levant morocco."

As he continued on his way, he saw something shining on the walk. It was a pin. You all know the stock Sunday-school story of the boy that stooped to pick a pin up, and was detected in the act by a man who employed him on the spot, and had the satisfaction of seeing him develop into a Franklin, a Peabody, or something of that kind. Samuel attended Sunday-school until he was the brightest light in the Bible class, and then he was twenty-two. He had read the beautiful story of the pin in the book which he had taken from the library on the previous Sabbath. So he stooped to pick it up.

Did he get the pin and employment on the spot?

Well, he didn't get the pin—

But did he succeed in getting employment?

He did.

Prithee explain.

With pleasure: When he stooped both buttons flew off the wheel-house of his trousers, for they were ready-made; and even in the halcyon days of Uncle Sammy's boyhood the buttons on ready-made clothes would not perform their functions properly until they were again sewed on by your kind grandmother.

But how did he get employment?

Out of his trousers—they were loose; and, as soon as his suspenders flew up on his shoulder-blades, and staid there as though thoroughly satisfied, the future statesman's leg-gear began to flop and fetch about and become ungovernable, while a mean sensation stole over him and made him feel slightly indisposed. But he didn't give way to his feelings. He kept his garment in position by thrusting his hands into his pockets and pressing them tight against his sides. And then he walked on and whistled, and affected that negligent, free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky, indifferent air that a man always assumes when his heart is breaking. And then he saw a couple of young ladies advancing, and they bowed before he could dart down a sidestreet. But he fondly hoped they would pass on with a sweet smile or a pleasant "Good afternoon."

FIELDS FOR MISSIONARY LABOR.

MISSOURI AND MBOUWAYAMBA.



WHERE MISSIONARIES ARE NEEDED.



WHERE THEY ARE NOT.

But did they stop when they reached him? You are singing in the right key, sis; that is just what they did. And they shook hands with him, and wanted to look at his new ring that was on the other hand; and told him they had just come from the manicure, and then insisted on looking at his ten nails at once, after they had removed their gloves and shown theirs. Then they put on their gloves and asked him to button them, and every glove had on eight buttons and seemed to have fifty; and all the time his hands were in the air his trousers kept sagging just enough to make him feel as though he would like to lie down and beat the dust, which he could have done, as he has never been beaten by anything outside of a Returning Board.

Then he foolishly stated that he was taking a walk for pastime, and they said he might as well go in their direction. "With pleasure," he replied in tones that never got within a thousand miles of his heart. And he went on suffering indescribable pain at every step, for every now and then he would tread on the ends of his trouser-legs. And the ladies talked about poetry and soda-water, and asked him if he would not carry some packages they had. He complied with the same grace that a murderer displays when he stands on the scaffold and admits the beautiful justice of his fate. And the bundles were just large enough to prevent him from putting them into his pockets. So he let them hang at arms length and pressed them against his trousers. The girls were as happy and light-hearted as a pair of Phœbe birds in a June bower, but the future old man lashed and foamed with thought-profanity, and lost a pound of flesh at every step, while his hat floated off his head on a sea of perspiration.

"Oh, how lovely those flowers look," one of the young ladies remarked.

"Yes," said the statesman: "they always look that way when they are feeling well."

"I'm so fond of violets. Now when we lived at—"

But her sentence was cut short by a gust of wind taking her parasol out of her hand and leaving it in the limbs of a tree.

"How can that be got?" she asked, with some agitation.

"Call a policeman," replied the embryo sage, as he grabbed covertly at his waistband.

"Can't you get it?" she asked.

"I can't climb a bit; besides, I am lame."

"But that is a new parasol."

"But it is against the law to climb trees. Article V., clause 1. of city ordinances states specifically and distinctly—"

"There isn't a policeman in sight."

Then he knew he was lost. He felt like yelling murder as he walked up to the tree, and when

he put his arms around it he suddenly fell on the ground and pretended his ankle was dislocated. He attempted to stand on his feet, but found it impossible. He told them to go on, and he would hire the first hack coming along.

Thus they parted, and he went home and got a great big pin and reached up under his vest and felt around for the rear end of those suspenders harder than he ever felt around for the deciding electoral vote in the 1876 Presidential contest under the auspices of the Returning Board. And shortly after they were pinned in place he went out to a hop, and when the lady who lost her parasol and her friend saw him dancing, they wondered how his ankle got well so soon; but, knowing him to be a Sunday-school boy, they came to the conclusion it must be all right. And after the tailor that let him have the clothes on tick purchased about fifty dollars worth of law, he came to the conclusion that he didn't want any renumeration.

Another thing that is hard to purchase is an umbrella. No man will ever buy an umbrella if he can persuade himself not to, and he generally can. Besides, the art of buying umbrellas is not an art at all. The high art of umbrellas is in being able to borrow them, keep them for life, and look the owner in the eye calmly every time you meet him.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

WE ANXIOUSLY await by cable Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" poem on the late monthly nurse, Lilly, who attended Mrs. Victoria at the births of her nine offspring.

A MEDICAL JOURNAL devotes a whole column to explaining what caused cold perspiration. Any one who has gone up a dark alley and stepped on a dog would be wasting valuable time in reading it.

A MAN OUT WEST, who recently lost his legs on a railroad, is raising cork-trees. We saw a man lose his legs the other day on a banana-skin, but he didn't say anything about raising cork-trees. He simply raised Cain.

THE BRITISH Upper House of Convocation has arranged for a new form of prayer to settle matters in Ireland. It is to ask for preservation from secret conspiracies and open violence, the appeasement of tumults and the healing of Irish sores. If this prayer measure passes we fail to see the use of the Coercion Act.

IT IS REPORTED that Princess Beatrice is at last engaged to be married. Now Parliament will vote her about one hundred thousand dollars per year to keep her husband in cigars and the wolf from the door. You must be a prince or princess to be a successful pauper or pauperess in England.

A WHOLESALE DRUG STORE, nine stories high, is to be erected at the corner of Liberty and Nassau Streets. It is understood that this structure is projected not for the storage of apothecaries' goods, but merely to keep the trade prices in. If this is the case, it will probably need a cupola and a minaret in addition to the nine stories.

THE POLICE PARADE takes place to-morrow. We have always opposed this annual parade. It is a bad thing. It paralyzes a great industry. For the better part of a day the pickpockets and burglars of the city are deprived of their natural protectors and allies, and left to work upon the unprofessional public without adequate assistance.

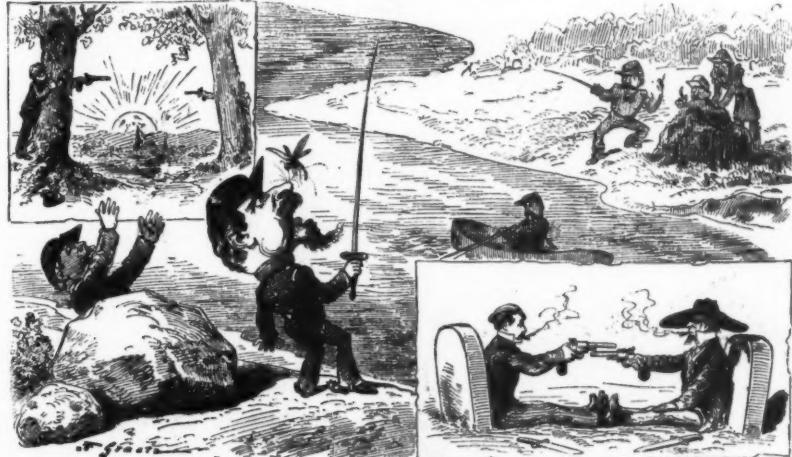
WOULD IT NOT be a good idea to corral all the dry-goods drummers and book-agents in the country, and send them off to foreign climes as missionaries? They may succeed in talking savages into religion; but, if they couldn't, and the savages should eat them up, they would get considerably the worst of it, and the country would be better off. This was written by the obituary editor.

THE REAL CRIMINALS.



DIVERS DUELS.

THE PRESENT AMERICAN STYLE:—The Favorite with Members of the Union Club.



FRENCH DUELS:
SECOND:—"Hold! Honor is satisfied. An instant has drawn blood—the only blood that would have been drawn if we had waited till doomsday."

THE OLD AMERICAN STYLE:
Southern Duels—Usual Grave Result.

SPRING TWITTER.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF BANGS.

Here lies a bang
That was Miss Rose;
And I could hang
Myself for woes—
When she and I
Meet in the sky,
Will that same bang
Be that same Rose?

ON CONSISTENCY AS A PASTE JEWEL.

How I hate a coquette!
And the rogue in her eyes.
Be she blonde or brunet.
How I hate a coquette!
To my finger-tips—Yet
By the depth of my sighs
How I love a coquette!
And the rogue in her eyes.

C. C. BUEL.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXV.

DUELING.



Ya-as, there was some upwo-ah in the club the othah day, and a numbah of fellahs came wunning up to me to know what was the pwopah course of pwoceeding in the event of one fellow being widiculous enough to challenge anothah to mortal combat. I declined to expwess my opinion, because duelling is horwibly bad form, and is generwally wesorted to by c-c-cads who are verwy much awfaid that people will imagine they are not gentlemen if they do not adver-tise their valor in this mannah.

I do not wefer to forweignahs—I mean Fwenchmen, Germans, *et cetera*, who devote a considerable portion of their time to meetings of this charwactah, and warwely weceive a scwatch in the encountahs.

I nevah manifest the slightest interwest in aw scandal, and I absolutely wefused to listen to the wretched details of this particulah quar-wel.

But I could not help hearwing what was going on, because there was so much talk. I may say it was aw forced upon my ear.

It appe-ahs that one comparwatively hoarwy-headed fellow spoke diswespectfully of some lady that some othah fellow knew; in fact, I have discovered that I knew her myself.

I am fwee to confess that the language was neithah wefined nor pwopah; but then there is nothing surpwising about that, because membahs of this club are celebwated faw their verwy indecent behavi-ah.

I am sorwy to say they swear and fwequently apply oppwobwious epithets to each othah—no doubt often in joke; but still not the descwip-tion of wemarks one expects to he-ah among gentlemen.

Jack says that this club is noted for the pugilistic pwocessivities of its membahs. They have got inebriated, horse-whipped one anothah outside the club-house, and have varwded their performances by cheating at cards.

I undahstand, howevah, that one of the fellahs weally meant fight, and went to some wegion in Southern terwitorwy to be out of the jurisdiction of the aw New York sherwiffs, but the othah fellow did not, apparently, feel himself aggrieved, and wefused to follow; but the whole business is exceedingly disweputable.

I think I shall tendah my wesignation to the secwetary of this deterwiowating club, faw I don't think it wespectable to belong to it any longah aw.

SOON WILL the man at Coney scoop
Old harness in his clamless soup.

'Tis now the time
That poets rhyme
About the fan for half a dime,
And now they seek
The cottage meek
Where board is dollars six per week.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:
In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

THE GROWTH OF NEW YORK.



A SHANTYTOWN ENTERPRISE.

THE REASON WHY.

"Yes," he said: "I know I ought to have had my summer suit before this; but the fact is I really couldn't manage it earlier."

"Short of money, eh?"

"Not a bit of it. My grand-uncle died in Cohoes a month ago, and left me one hundred dollars to buy a little trifle. Well, the little trifle that I was in need of just then was a new suit of clothes; for those I had were just dropping off me, and in a few days I should have been doing the great Before-the-Fall act on Broadway."

"Were you sick—couldn't get to the tail-ors?"

"Never was better in my life. If my clothes had really fallen off me, as I expected they would, I should have hired myself out to pull a rowing machine in a Broadway show-window."

"Perhaps you were tired of life, and didn't want to waste money in buying new clothes to commit suicide in."

"Not at all. I am striving to win the affections of a millionaire's daughter, and am succeeding splendidly. At that time I had just succeeded in convincing her that I had an aesthetic admiration for freckles."

"Then what, in heaven's name, was your reason for not providing yourself with better clothes? Those you have on—"

"Breathe the aroma of bygone years. I know it. They won't hold together any more than an Anti-Monopoly Tammany platform. I will tell you the reason. You see, this old suit of mine has done service since last September, and it has had to bear the chilblains and cold of the day, all through the Winter. The consequence is that there are no buttons on the vest, and those on the coat have a painfully frail tenure of life. The lining is rubbed into lint on the inside of the coat, and the lining of the vest looks as though porous-plasters had been affixed to it in various places and then rudely torn off, regardless of expense. There is a stretchedness about the waistband of the trousers that reminds one of the Cuban laxity of morals, and the bottoms of the legs are fringed like a camel's-hair shawl—more than that, they are simply banged like the frontispiece of a Bowery brunet. The whole appearance of the suit is intensely disreputable—the pockets are wrinkled, like the sacks under the eyes of a dissolute old party—but the horrors of its dilapidation are all in the interior. If you were as familiar with the inner awfulness of that suit as I am, you would be able to understand why I am ashamed to go and be measured for a new suit, and to disgrace myself in the eyes of the cutter. I hadn't the moral courage to make the exposure of my looped and bay-windowed raggedness."

"How did you work it at last?"

"Oh, in a very artistic manner. I paid a quarter to a truck-driver to run over me. No, you needn't look as astonished as though I had asked you out to have a bottle of champagne. The truck-driver had an old blind horse, who always stood stock-still whenever anything came in contact with his legs. He had once tried to walk over a stray lager-beer keg, and had signally failed. Well, this man ran me down, according to agreement, just in front of my tailor's. I was carried in by a sympathizing populace, and my coat and vest were stripped off and thrown in a corner, while they prospected me for injuries. I took that opportunity to be measured. Oh, yes, my shirt was all right. I had had it whitewashed for the occasion."

Now THE lovely dimpled maid
Sips a glass of lemonade,
While her chaperon most dear
Goes for beer.

AMUSEMENTS.

"The Mascot" seems a fixture at the GERMANIA THEATRE, and certainly the performance is brilliant generally, and individually shapely.

The THEATRE COMIQUE will close on the first of June, but the success of Messrs. Harrigan & Hart's "Squatter Sovereignty" will not soon be forgotten.

We have lost the number of times that "Esmeralda" has been performed; but we are informed that Miss Fanny Reeves is now playing the part created by Agnes Booth, that of *Nora Dispard*.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE is closed for the Summer season. It has done much to educate the Brooklynites in dramatic matters, and will pursue its instructive course about the Autumnal equinox.

Mr. A. Z. Chipman's domestic drama of "Checkered Life," at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, proved to be altogether too domestic. It is not now being played, and Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre is closed for the season.

Mr. John J. Raymond's "Fresh," although by no means stale, is no longer at NIBLO'S GARDEN, where C. H. Smith's double extra mammoth "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is portraying, in the strongest manner, the horrors of slavery.

Mr. Will S. Antrim has received the contract for decorating NIBLO'S GARDEN. From the artistic style in which he has beautified Harrigan & Hart's and the Springfield Opera House, we think the manager of Niblo's is to be congratulated.

Mr. James O'Neill has just finished a successful engagement at POPE'S THEATRE, St. Louis. On June 11th he will begin a starring engagement in HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Chicago, during which he will launch Mr. Daisey's new play entitled "An American King."

"The Chimes of Normandy," as interpreted by the Hess Acme Opera Company, at the STANDARD THEATRE, has become a favorite. It is a cut above the airiness and absurdities of opéra bouffe, and has, perhaps for that reason, taken time to acquire popularity.

Mlle. Eugénie Legrand has been playing in "Camille," at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE, under the management of Mr. Chipman. There are many good points about this lady's acting. Last night she appeared in the "Lady of Lyons." We believe "Diane de Lys" is in course of preparation.

Mary Stuart is to have her memory kept green—or rather thistle-down color—by Mary Anderson, who will play the *role* next season. Miss Anderson made some \$72,000 this year by not playing Scottish Mary, and, in consideration of this fact, intends throwing some history into her repertoire hereafter.

If everybody was not aware that "The Professor" was being played at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, it was not the fault of the management, who have devoted whole columns of the newspapers to advertising its merits. On Monday, "Old Shipmates," by Robert Morris, with Miss Cayvan as the heroine, was played.

"La Belle Russe," at WALLACK'S, continues to attract numbers of people who go to see its wickedness. We are not going to pass an opinion on the morality of the play, but, having regard to the fact the number of wrongs that make a right has never been discovered, we do not think "la Belle Russe" worse than a hundred other plays that have not been condemned by the New York press.

"Fogg's Ferry" is neither a great nor original play, but it affords Miss Minnie Maddern, at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE, an opportunity of exhibiting a great deal of crude talent which may develop into an improved Lotta style. Some of the acting deserves mention, especially that of Mr. Herbert, as *Fogg*, and Mr. Hastings, as *Bolter*; but the play is too much for the company—although country people may take a fancy to it.

The return of Salvini to America, next season, is a fact that Mr. St. Maur is careful shall be impressed upon the public. He has received a message from Mr. C. A. Chizzola, who is now in London, announcing that the arrangements for the appearance of the great Italian

with Mr. Irving, at the LYCEUM THEATRE, London, in June, will soon be completed. Signor Salvini is, at present, in Moscow, whence he goes to his home in Florence for a short rest before beginning his engagement in England.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASLTINE.—She loves you more than sheep or lambs.

ETHEL ORRIS.—Yes, dear, you are quite right. That is a genuine joke that you have sent us. It has the sanction of the ages. We would have sent it back to you; but it crumbled to dust on exposure to the air.

UNION CLUBBIST.—We are sorry that we have not the room to give you the information you desire as to the etiquette of duelling. Tell your friends to settle their difficulty by a combat with the harmless and aesthetic feather.

DE S. F.—May you send us your poem, inclosing stamps for its return? Oh, yes, De S. F., you may. There is absolutely nothing to hinder you. We wouldn't throw an obstacle in your way for seven dollars and thirty-three cents. But if you feel any delicacy about it, don't strain yourself to send the poem. Inclose the stamps—that will be quite sufficient.

L. KEPPELHEIM.—Is there an opening on our staff for a young man of some experience in journalism? No, Mr. Keppelheim, there isn't an opening small enough to admit a greenbacker's hopes of sitting in the Presidential chair. We don't want young men of "some experience" in journalism. When we want to have the midsummer peace of this office disturbed, and to be bossed around by a young man so fresh that the flies stick to his varnish, we will let you know.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.



ON THE WEDDING DAY.
The Biggest Man in Town.



A YEAR AFTER MARRIAGE.
Very "Small Potatoes."

LITERARY NOTES.

The well known banking firm of Bischoff has issued a hand-book called "America Abroad." It is a useful guide for American tourists in Europe, and has a map of that continent and numerous illustrations.

Madame Blanche Roosevelt Macchetta is the author of an exceedingly interesting work, entitled "Longfellow's Home Life," which has just been published by G. W. Carleton & Co., of Madison Square. Madame Macchetta saw much of the late poet during the last two or three years, and the book is the result of her intelligent observation. It will have a large and ready sale.

Colonel Thos. W. Knox, the well known traveler and author, has written "A Pocket Guide for Europe," in which he gives the benefit of his vast experience by many practical hints to the tourist who contemplates seeing a little of the European world. It tells him where to go, what to do and how to do it, so that he may see the most for the time and money at his disposal. Charles S. Dillingham is the publisher.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, informed us in a circular, a few weeks ago, that they have published an English translation of Zola's "Pot-bouille," which novel the Parisian papers do not speak of in the most eulogistic terms. Other critics complain of the immoral and unpleasant tone of the book, and the unnecessary and nasty details of the low life portrayed. We withhold our opinion until Messrs. T. B. P. & B. send us this missionary work.

Messrs. Remington & Co., London, publish "Songs and Rhymes, English and French," by Mr. W. H. Pollock—a little volume in flexible vellum covers, neat in design, but shamefully careless in printing and proof-reading. Mr. Pollock's qualities as a poet are simplicity and sweetness of thought and style. His language is direct and clear, a pure and wholesome Saxon. He has all the literary equipment of a good verse-writer, and if his little book does not give him rank as a poet, it is only because he has toyed too much with trifles, which obscure the real merit of his best work. It is a pity that a man should print mere commonplaces of verse in the book with this fine and clear-cut poem:

THREE LIGHTS.

The sun shone warm, the morning breeze
Came laughing through the spreading trees;
There fell a sudden joyous gleam
On two who kissed beside a stream.
The day's decline was fierce and hot;
At sunset on the self-same spot
There waited one whose eyes shone bright
And vengeful in the angry light.
Last came the moonlight cold and pale,
And, circled with a cloudy veil,
Showed through the trellis of the wood
A white face floating down the flood.

The "French rhymes" at the end of the book are probably inserted in deference to a bad fashion which is followed by many of the younger English poets, and by a few Americans. Miss E. M. Hutchinson, for instance, who has done good work in her own language, has produced a number of stanzas in French, whereof one was lately much praised by a leading magazine, although it resembled nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth known to French prosody. Mr. Pollock's verse is almost always technically correct, which is much to say of French lines written by a foreigner; but your true Briton sets a heavy foot on the dainty robes of the Gallic Muse, and while we are willing to admit that the London poet's verse is, as to the form, "bien tapé," like conscientious old Ménelas we must "faire nos réserves sur le fond."

OUR RESPLENDENT
Contemporary, the *Independent*,
Is charming,
When it treats of farming
Or coos, like Aphrodite's pigeon,
Of religion.



PICK.



R'S ALEIDOSCOPIC SPEECH,
Commerce Room, held at Delmonico's, May 9th, 1882.

MAYER MERKEL & OTTMAR, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

IN A RESTAURANT.

"What do you think you will eat to-night?" inquired the advertising agent.

"I don't know," replied the poet, languidly: "but I fancy a little red-head duck wouldn't be bad."

"Why is it called 'red-head duck'—on account of its hair?"

"It has no hair—the quackful strawberry blonde—"

"I never knew much about ducks," continued the agent: "although I have lived in the country. To be sure I raised some—"

"With success?" broke in the poet.

"No, with a fork."

"Some people think it is difficult to raise them; but it is more difficult to bring them down—I mean with a gun," said the bard.

"It is also difficult to bring the rates down with an argument, when you go to market. I can remember a pair of ducks that cost a man ten dollars."

"Those ducks were high."

"They were—they were hanging on the top hooks."

"And did the customer lower them with an argument?"

"He did not; he lowered them with a pole, and was about to depart, when the dealer manipulated him in such a lively manner that it cost him ten dollars to recover—ten dollars and no duck."

"I once paid a dollar at a railway station for duck, and didn't get any," chimed in the sweet singer.

"On account of the train starting?"

"No; I got what they call duck—"

"What was it—doctored sturgeon?"

"No, sheldrake."

"What is that?"

"The most unsavory amphibian extant—the skunk of the air—the pole-cat of the elements. One mouthful of him causes you to yell murder, and yearn for a fight and—"

"What will you have, gentlemen?" inquired the waiter.

They gave their order for soup, red-head duck, beef, chicken à la marenco, claret, etc., and thought they were getting a swell dinner. It was swell, but it wasn't enough. They paid a dollar and a half each and went out.

"I haven't had enough," said the poet: "have you?"

"No, I feel hungry enough to eat Staten Island sandwiches."

That was the end of their conversation. A few minutes later they entered a cheap restaurant, gave their orders to the waiter, and shook like a couple of aspens when that dignitary yelled down to the kitchen so loud that it rattled the castors and opened the front door:

"Two plates of hash!" R. K. M.

A TENDER MEMORY.

With her often I would stray

Through the woodland cool and gay,

And we'd watch the sparrows bathing in the brook;

And beneath the oak we'd stand,

While I held her lily hand,

And into her eyes most tenderly did look.

I would never call her Miss—

Simply Jennie—it was bliss

To buy her boxes filled with caramels;

Oh, my soul was full of song,

But before I knew her long

I found she was the paragon of sells.

The discovery this way,

'Neath old Luna's opal ray,

By me was made upon the 24th of May;

When I passionately popped,

And my talk she kindly stopped,

When she murmured to me softly: "Tumble, pray."

Quick I dusted from the side

Of my sweet prospective bride,

And I haven't seen her since—'tis many years;

But I've heard a waiter she

Lately wedded, and, with glee

She doth pump while he delivers all the beers.

PITY POOR NEW YORK CITY.



NEW YORK:—"WHO WILL SAVE ME FROM SQUASH-HEAD LEGISLATION?"

PROPOSED LEGISLATION.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field, attended by Mr. Hain, of the elevated roads, appeared last week at the bar of the Albany House of Assembly with a petition which was placed in the hands of Mr. Alvord.

Mr. Alvord then presented it to the House.

The principle clause was as follows:

"We appeal to your Honorable House to pass, immediately, a bill for five-cent fares on the elevated railroads at all hours of the day, as the stockholders of the road are weary of getting such large dividends. They feel that they are not doing justice by the public, as the money pours in their pockets so quickly that they don't know what to do with it. They ask, therefore, relief from the intolerable burden by the immediate reduction of fares."

Another clause, which was specially inserted by Mr. Hain, ran thus:

"Your petitioners would also urge upon your Honorable House the necessity of introducing a bill for the establishment of the block system on these 'L' roads. We fail to see how there can ever be any safety for the traveling public, so long as the present happy-go-lucky style of running trains is in vogue. Your petitioners have some little consideration for human life; but they feel that they cannot extend to it adequate protection on their elevated roads until your Honorable House imposes a penalty on the companies to which we have the distinction of belonging for neglecting to take proper precautions against slaughter by means of the block system. And your petitioners will ever pray."

Mr. Brodsky introduced a bill insisting upon all stages and bob-tail cars carrying conductors.

Mr. Alvord moved to lay all orders of business aside, that the bill might be immediately discussed. The resolution was carried unanimously, and the bill was passed and sent to Governor Cornell for veto or signature.

In the House of Representatives, Washington, Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to do away with all protective duties, and to adopt the principle of free trade by placing specific imports on a few articles for purposes of revenue only.

There was not a dissenting voice, and the measure was carried amid uproarious cheers.

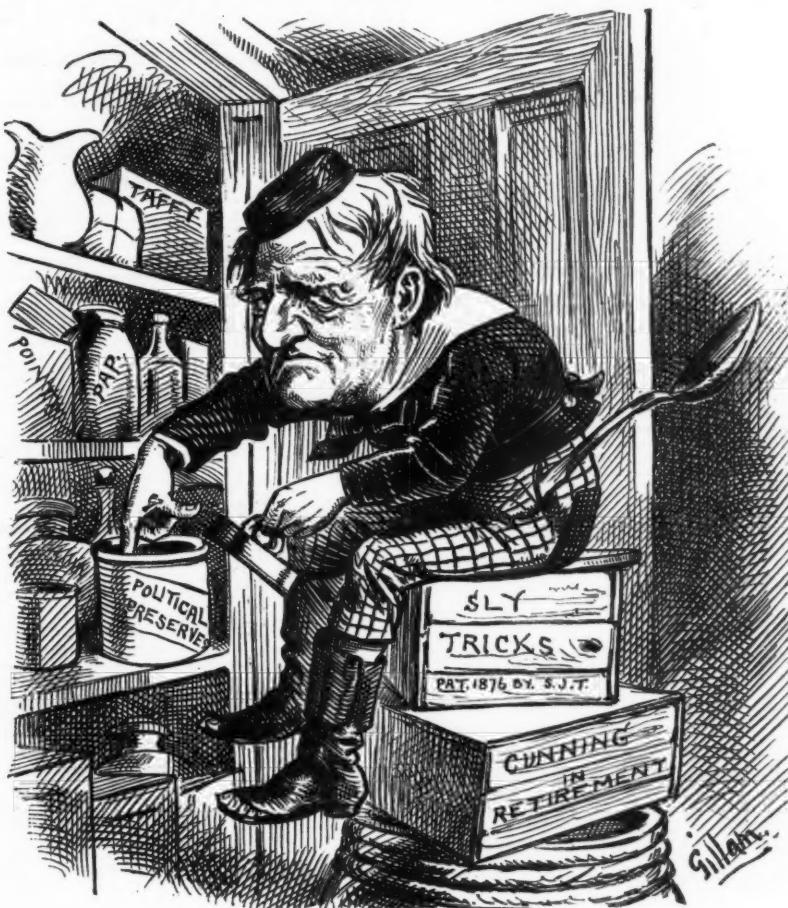
A bill which is supposed to emanate from ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling was introduced last week in the Senate by Senator Mahone. It is for Civil Service Reform. It provides that no senator, nor congressman, nor professional politician shall be allowed to suggest or urge the appointment of anybody for public office, and that the whole system shall be reorganized on a practical business basis without reference to the political faith or electoral usefulness and ability of the candidate.

Congressman George M. Robeson has introduced a bill perpetually disqualifying Mr. George M. Robeson from ever holding public office, from being elected to Congress, from having anything to say in the Committee on Naval Affairs, and from buying any junk that Secretary Chandler may have to sell. The chances are that the bill will pass.

THE MAN who wrote "See That My Grave Is Kept Green" is in jail, and yet the authors of "Pinafore" are still at large, although this country has an extradition treaty with England.

SOON THE COOK within the area 'll
Charm the cop with tender grace,
While her mistress grows malarial
At the summer watering-place.

THE SWEETS OF SOLITUDE.



SAMMY:—"I'M NOTHING BUT A BOY YET!"

HIS CRITICISM.

There is nothing zoophilic about the proprietor of the Weakville *Weekly Weakness*; and therefore it is, that, when a long-haired young stranger jumped into the office the other morning and asked for a job as paragrapher, book critic, reporter and lightning mailing-clerk combined, the former gentleman accepted him at once.

And it is but due to him to state that, considering the comparative shortness of his engagement, that youth made the *Weakness* get up and whoop like a man with four kinds of rheumatism chasing one another up his back.

True, his paragraphs were not such as would laugh an undertaker into the silent sarcophagus; still they contained the same amount of levity and ribaldry that is noticeable in the works of Joseph Addison or in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Perhaps more than semi-occasionally he would refer to Monday as being (s)cold day, or casually speak of "this year" speech crop." But what of it? Isn't American humor all spangled and bestrewn with parenthesis and apostrophes?

However, it is not his efforts funereal of which we wish to write, but of the last of the two criticisms which he furnished the appreciative citizens of Weakville. The thought which he slapped into that notice must have been imported for the occasion direct from Noticeville.

A Boston firm sent in a new edition of "Keats's Poems," with a request that the book be favorably noticed. And it was noticed, even as a man notices his creditor coming three blocks away.

I have copied it *verbatim*.

POEMS OF JOHN KEATS: Boston, 1882: Cook, Book & Co.—This volume is evidently the work of some blacksmith or farmer who is crude in everything but ignorance. This, the author is frank enough to acknowledge in his preface of "Endymion," the principal poem. Still he has sufficient temerity to term himself a poet, thinking, perhaps, that two or three pastoral poems of ancient Greece, a number of vague sonnets and a few fragments of unfinished work are enough to place one's name on the great roll of genius, whose head will ever glitter with the word "Shakspeare"!

As an illustration of the facility of such an idea, we copy one verse from "Endymion"—the poem above mentioned—and, taking that as a fair specimen of the merit and demerit of this author, shall proceed to speak of such of those qualities as it may contain:

"Breathe softly, flutes;
Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes;
Nor be the trumpet heard! O vain! O vain!
Not flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping doves or rivers' flow—
No, nor the Aeolian twang of Love's own bow,
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess Cytherea!
Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
On our soul's sacrifice."

Here the personality of this author shines out like a black patch in the aftermath of a pair of lavender trousers. Here is the suburban versifier who writes in the interests of a brass band and some rural Langtry whom he calls by an unpronounceable name. The words are pretty—unmistakably so. They are full of flowers and rain and doves, but the ordinary pigeon-pie of the restaurant is in the same fix; only the dove is mutton, the flour dark-complexioned—made especially for the keeper of

the county poor-house—and the rain from a hydrant. There is where the comparison presses hard.

Prettiness is not what constitutes true poetry. Your Herricks or your Sucklings may make new combinations of words and strange compound adjectives in praise of the bit of a girl's heel which a hole in her stocking discloses, but do these poetasters share the glory of Pope or Dryden? Dignity is ever a concomitant of true poetry.

Make an onion bed, and let three cats spread themselves over it. Will the bed stand the racket? Will the onions grow strong and old enough to vote? An answer is needless. It is thus with this verse of Keats's. Give it a plain test and it will fall to pieces like a ready-made coat.

Flutes do not breathe, nor is a lute able to strew itself over with a chest-protector to prevent its early death from pneumonia. As well to expect a Boston school-girl to go into a butcher-shop and give an order in this manner:

Just stab me off a piece of meat,
And do the job both well and neat;
Else I will bang you, pretty quick,
With some of this arithmetic!

American literature is full of "nice, pretty" poetry like Keats's by country store-keepers, who fish around in a barrel for "just two pounds of salt pork" for a freckle-faced girl, and then sit down and write a rondeau to her on a piece of brown wrapping-paper. Very likely this Keats is a man of that class: at one moment wiping a cheese-knife on his suspenders, at another a sonnet who strives to furnish

"Music fit for the soft E-ah
Of goddess Cytherea."

Depend upon it, such verses will not live. Sweet jingle though they be, alive and pulsing with red lips, sheep, Summer-time and purple anemones, they will wear away as the dropping eaves wash ridges in the sand below. The verse which we append is just as well trimmed for longevity as that which we have taken from "Endymion":

Breathe softly, toots;
Be tender of my corns, ye young galoots;
Nor be the trombone heard! O hum! O hum!
Not 'Melia chewing on a slab of gum,
Nor breath of sleeping bum or foul of drink—
No, nor the Aeolian twang of lots of chink,
Can whoop up music fit for the soft lug
Of Mary Ann O'Rugg!
Yet deign, O Chief Policeman! thy sharp "lamps"
Upon those sleeping tramps.

EDWARD WICK.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Pulled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle,
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle;
Baby hallelujah all that night,
Household bumping heads in awful fright.
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria,
Night was hideous without CASTORIA;
When colic left for peaceful slumber,
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

"No one will have me, with my blotted face!"
"Swayne's Ointment will cure thee," said the Friend in
haste.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
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WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

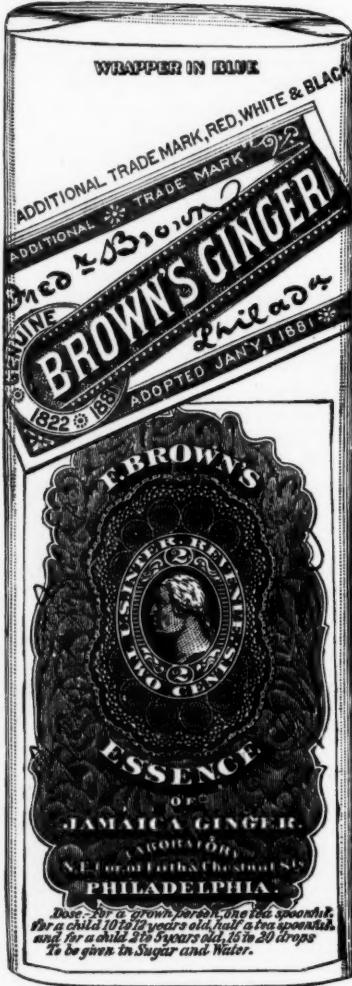
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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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'Tis now a flower-glamor breaks
Upon the twinkling grasses;
The lovely maid reluctant takes
Much sulphur and molasses
While May time gaily passes.
—Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

An accordion factory has been destroyed by fire on Long Island. As before remarked, there is a silver lining to every cloud. Now if some disease would attack the variety performers who come out and play tunes on ten different instruments, including flower pots, the world would breathe easier.—Peck's Sun.

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ETHEL C. G.

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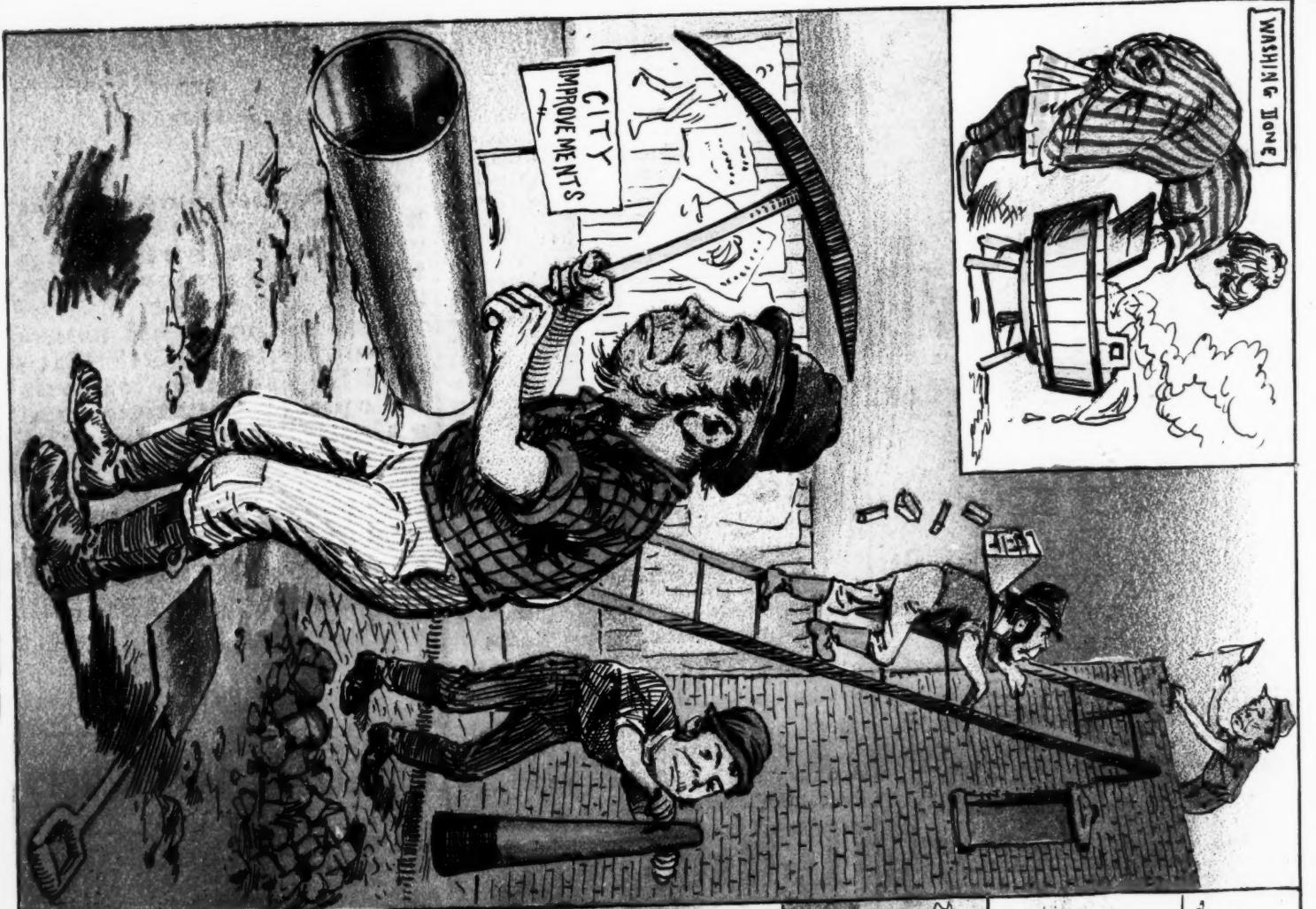
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